Your boldeſt ſute of mirth, for we haue friends
That purpoſe merriment: but faryewell,
I haue ſome buſineſſe.
Gra. And I muſt to *Lorenzo* and the reſt,
But we will viſite you at ſupper time. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ieſſica and the Clowne.

Ieſſica. I am ſorry thou wilt leaue my Father ſo,
Our houſe is hell, and thou a merry diuell
Didſt rob it of ſome taſte of tediouſneſſe,
But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee,
And *Lancelet*, ſoone at ſupper ſhalt thou ſee
Lorenzo, who is thy new Maſters gueſt,
Giue him this Letter, do it ſecretly,
And ſo farwell: I would not haue my Father
See me in talke with thee.
Lance. Adew, teares exhibite my tongue, moſt beautifull Pagan, moſt ſweete Iew, if a Chriſtian doe not play the knaue and get thee, I am much deceiued; but adew, theſe fooliſh drops do ſomething drowne my manly ſpirit: adieu. *Exit.*
Ieſſica. Farwell good *Lancelet*.
Alacke, what heynous ſinne is it in me,
To be aſham'd to be my fathers childe,
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O *Lorenzo*,
If thou keepe promiſe, I ſhall end this ſtrife,
Become a Chriſtian, and thy louing wife. *Exit.*

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Salanio.

Loren. Nay, we will ſlinke away in ſupper time,
Diſguiſe vs at my lodging, and returne all in an houre.
Gra. We haue not made good preparation.
Salar. We haue not ſpoke vs yet of Torch-bearers,
Salanio. Tis vile, vnleſſe it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my minde not vndertooke.
Loren. Tis now but foure a clocke, we haue two houres

Enter Lancelet.

To furniſh vs; friend *Lancelet*, what's the newes?
Lan. If it pleaſe you to breake vp this, it ſhall ſeeme to ſignifie.
Loren. I know the hand, in faith tis a faire hand,
And whiter then the paper it writ on,
Is the faire hand that writ.
Grat. Loue newes, in faith.
Lance. By your leaue ſir.
Loren. Whither goeſt thou?
Lance. Marry ſir, to bid my olde Maſter the Iew to ſup to night with my new Maſter the Chriſtian.
Loren. Hold here take this, tell gentle *Ieſſica*,
I will not fayle her, ſpeake it priuately.
Goe Gentlemen, will you prepare for this maske to night,
I am prouided of a Torch-bearer. *Exit Clowne.*
Salar. I marry, ile be gone about it ſtraight.
Salan. And ſo will I.
Loren. Meete me and *Gratiano* at *Gratianos* lodging,
Some houre hence.
Salar. Tis good we do ſo. *Exit.*
Grat. Was not that Letter from faire *Ieſſica*?
Loren. I muſt needs tell thee all, ſhe hath directed
How I ſhall take her from her Fathers houſe,
What gold and iewels ſhe is furniſht with,
What Pages ſute ſhe hath in readineſſe,
If ere the Iew her father come to heauen,
It will be for his gentle daughters ſake,
And neuer dare misfortune croſſe her foote,
Vnleſſe ſhe do it vnder this excuſe,
That ſhe is iſſue to a faithleſſe Iew:
Come goe with me, peruſe this as thou goeſt,
Faire *Ieſſica* ſhall be my Torch-bearer. *Exit.*

Enter the Iew and Lancelet.

Shy. Well, thou ſhalt ſee, thy eyes ſhall be thy iudge,
The diffrence of old *Shylocke* and *Baſſanio*;

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22297) LONDON, 1600 [1619] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.31) Octavo